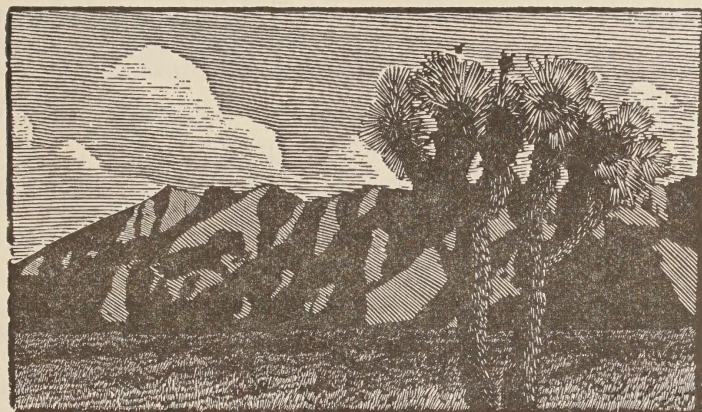


The Book Club of California Quarterly News-Letter

LXVI NUMBER 2 SPRING 2001



The Antelope Valley

Richard Wagener

“RARE BOOKS” IN UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

Part Two of Two Parts

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Elected to Membership

THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA, founded in 1912, is a non-profit organization of book lovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

The Club is limited to 1,000 members, excluding Student members with proof of student status. When vacancies exist, membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$55; Sustaining \$75; Patron \$150; and Student \$25.

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“Rare Books” in University Libraries

Second of Two Parts

Michael T. Ryan and David C. Weber

Can a Rare Book Surrogate Be as Useful as an Original for Most Research?

For many years now, libraries have sought ways in which to build research collections without huge costs up front and without significant storage and maintenance considerations. Until quite recently, microfilm was the only practicable option. Libraries could grow instant rare book and manuscript collections by investing in hundreds of reels of film. Orthodoxy had it that microfilm was an acceptable surrogate for the original in that it provided a black/white facsimile of it. For many types of research, this view is accurate. Scholars, for example, who think that they only need access to the text – in whatever format – may well find microfilm satisfactory. To be sure, it has many drawbacks: film has to be used in the library; it can be read only through clumsy machines that are often of poor quality; and the film itself is only as good as the camera operator who shoots it. Nonetheless, film has played a useful surrogate role for rare books and manuscripts for many years.

Scanning technology and the Web have permitted the creation of “portable” facsimiles that can be viewed from a scholar’s desktop. The Web eliminates the significant limitations of film while potentially allowing the scholar to work with a much more convenient (virtual) object. Indeed, the technology is such that in some cases a well-scanned image may be preferable to the original. Scholars working with papyri or medieval manuscripts may be searching for evidence that would be difficult to spot using the original but which is made clear through image enhancements on the Web.

Having said all of this, however, we are not among those who find these surrogates entirely acceptable for various purposes of cultural

understanding and academic scholarship. Current humanities scholarship also seems to support this position. Consider the implications of the following.

The Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley, has a distinguished Book ARTifacts Collection, an assemblage of objects dating back over four thousand years that provides tangible documentation of the processes of written communication. Curator of Rare Books and Literary Manuscripts Anthony Bliss has recently written how students benefit from this collection as they address questions such as these: "What options does vellum offer for correcting mistakes that paper doesn't? If there's no room for the correction, what do you do? Why are some pages of Shakespeare's First Folio crammed while others are spaced out? Why is its spelling so irregular? What is the significance of a binding? If printing is a mechanical process, why are there no exact duplicates from the early period? What are English and American 'plates' for 19th and 20th century publications? What are the implications for reprints and new editions? Why do mid-19th century popular periodicals have huge illustrations printed with the text while illustrations in 17th and 18th century books are printed as plates?"

What is of great interest to many in the humanities today are the material contexts of reading and writing in times past. For these scholars, access to original artifacts is mandatory, since the artifact itself is reality and primary documentation. The assumed equivalency between the "text" and the integral artifact is no longer supportable. In a basic sense, a rare book collection made up entirely of surrogates would leave us unimpressed and disappointed. Could one imagine an historical museum with only pictures of the pottery shards or mummies from archeological digs? Or an art gallery displaying reproductions? No surrogate can fully convey the material richness of the original.

Are Institutional Acquisitional Efforts Affected by Neighboring Libraries?

To buy a book – and an expensive one at that – which your neighbor owns is both a straightforward and vexed decision. For well-endowed institutions, *cupio habendi* will always rule. If Harvard or Yale want something, they shall have it, regardless of their neighbors. For better or ill, the rest of us operate within a complex system of restraints and permissions. Collection strengths, the restrictions of endowments, institutional patriotism, and local faculty fads all shape particular deci-

sions. Furthermore, most special collections libraries participate in some type of formal or informal program of cooperation and collaboration, mostly local in scope. Indeed, many libraries participate in several consortia that attempt to rationalize and economize acquisitions. The result is an archeology of overlying collection-development schemes, which, while awkward, can be made to work.

Once upon a time, the argument for acquiring rare books rested in part on the fact that they did not "travel;" that is, they were outside the realm of interlibrary lending routines. As the late James Hart used to say, the Bancroft plays according to the Polonius principle: neither a borrower nor a lender be. To some extent, microfilm reduced the urgency of that argument; there was little need to buy something that you already had in film or could easily get in film. But microfilm was – and is – an awkward and unsatisfying medium to use. It is acceptable as a last resort. Beyond that, many scholars tend to avoid microfilm and to urge libraries to acquire the original.

The Web, however, is another story altogether. Now, one can sit in the comfort of one's study and leaf through the arcana that fill Elias Ashmole's *Theatrum chemicum britannicum* of 1652 or consult a Hebrew manuscript from 14th century Spain through the Web site run at the University of Pennsylvania. While institutions begin to scan and/or encode rare materials from their collections, the rationale for collection development will need to be revisited. As we rush into the twenty-first century, though, the pressure "to have" will recede not only under the impact of financial constraints but because of the increasing ease with which texts – obscure, otherwise unavailable – can be put onto the Web for consultation.

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It is worth bearing in mind that while universities resist at almost every level all manner of rationalization and cooperation, university libraries have been blazing cooperative trails since the early 1940s. To take the University of California, Berkeley, and Stanford University as one example, since at least the mid-1970s there has been a formal recognition that financial conditions and space for collections provide good reasons for the two libraries to coordinate efforts. Given limited resources and a seemingly unlimited universe of collection development decisions that librarians are asked to make, to pay attention to your neighbors is to exercise the sort of prudence and stewardship that should characterize all levels of university management and administration.

Have Views of Rarity in an Artifact Changed Over Time?

Clearly they have. To some extent the Internet has redefined rarity since it is now far easier to find other copies in libraries and in the trade. In earlier times the text may have garnered attention in the university, whereas later the same book may be viewed as an art form. Indeed, a dividend from the burgeoning availability of electronic versions of texts is a new and deep appreciation for the traditional book as a convenient and economical artifact.

In the nineteenth century, collectors preferred clean, scrubbed, and well-manicured copies. Today, however, books that proudly wear the marks of their uses over time are highly sought after by research institutions. A dirty copy of nineteenth-century standards is just fine at the dawn of the new millennium. While society spends much time and money expunging graffiti from public places, graffiti has found a welcome home in rare book collections. Why? Because booksellers know that scholars, collectors, and libraries regard some such marks as added value.

As a highly admired antiquarian book dealer, Bernard M. Rosenthal spent a good many years building a collection of early printed books with near-contemporary graffiti in them. He recognized this value before it became a trend; he sold his collection to Yale. But what was the added value that someone like this esteemed Rosenthal knew to be present in those barely readable jottings in books?

The other side of technology is the institutional setting. Universities are administratively among the most conservative institutions in society although university teaching and scholarship may be the incubators of the new. Their mission in part is to orient students to received legacies. Curricular iconoclasts may get the headlines, but they almost always suffocate in the tradition-laden world of universities. At the same time, university communities are among the most highly "wired" in the world. They embraced the new communications technologies early and fervently. Thus the paradox of change and tradition coexisting uneasily in university settings. And in the jaws of this paradox rests the university library.

So, having suggested the context, we can offer the following by way of prognoses:

- ❖ Funding for academic libraries and their special collections will unfortunately always remain very limited. Reliance on gifts of monies and materials from university friends will be more important than ever in a resource-constrained future.
- ❖ Titles from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will increasingly move into Special Collections units.
- ❖ Rare book, manuscript, and archival collections will grow off-site in remote climate-controlled storage locations with other materials from the parent library.
- ❖ Efforts in maintaining artifactual integrity (technical book conservation) will mature and be given priority in academic library special collections.
- ❖ Technology will multiply exponentially the access points to collections. It will gradually help increase the artifactual dating, preserving, copying, and transmitting of rare books and manuscripts. Endeavors selectively to publish rare and unique items will accelerate.
- ❖ Rare book and manuscript collections will thrive in university libraries as they become more mature electronically. These are, after all, institutional assets, part of the educational capital that make teaching and learning possible.

Indeed, the further into the electronic future we go, the more strange and marvelous these artifacts from the distant past become. In time, their very exoticism will help us understand better the nature of

the transitions we are undergoing today. Rare book collections and their keepers have much to look forward to, but only if they embrace the new for the sake of the old. The future will probably not be kind to cults of the book. But it should surely be warmly receptive to books that can be made to tell us stories about ourselves, our past and our future.

The illustrations are used by courtesy of Department of Special Collections, Stanford University Library.

Dr. Ryan is Director of the Annenberg Rare Book & Manuscript Library, University of Pennsylvania. He previously served as the Frances and Charles Field Curator and Chief of Special Collections and the Assistant Director of Collection Development, Stanford University Libraries. Mr. Weber is Director of the Stanford University Libraries, Emeritus.

Margaret Murdock

by Wilder Bentley the Younger

While rummaging through old family papers, I came across the following letter, which I decided to present right off and explain in due course. Suffice it to say that its author, Margaret Murdock, was a truly remarkable woman and that her connection to Bay Area printing lore will unfold.

Biggs Aug 8, 1984

Dear Wilder,

This is a delayed "thank you" for the scroll and proof with sonnet V on "choir girl of our first noëls." Of course I'm happy to be associated in your memory not only with those early Putnam "concerts" but with oldsters of the Sierras. A recent 90th birthday promoted me to this final decade but I'll fiddle along and enjoy the sounds. Edith has lots of fine records by the way, so it's a fiddler's dream.

I enjoyed the Grant School Septets to Ida E. Shaw. Our school pictures are flavored with whiffs of chocolate (Ghirardelli), coffee (Hills, MJB and Caswell) candy (Okean twins) and we were indeed ecumenical and also martial with Presidio offspring and drums and trumpets for marching.

Just recently I chatted with Frances Kelham Lloyd, a Sierra foothills neighbor at Grass Valley. Her cousin Edith Bishop was visiting her – a Berkeley neighbor of yours on La Loma. Dr. Katherine Bishop, her mother, was a close friend of my housemate Hope Gladding, and her father, Tyndall, a link between her childhood Christmas gatherings and

ours – a generation link. Your crawl up Pacific (such a steep block I zig-zagged, too) recalled piano lessons I had with Julius Weber when we lived on Scott St., and I played with Esther, your cousin, our Green St. neighbor. I think I remember their Chinese cook better than the rest of her family. I'm surprised that you haven't included the tribe of Orientals so vivid from the early days. Vegetable men trotting along with bamboo'd shoulder baskets and fresh produce, and laundry men mouth-spraying sheets to iron. I suspect my memories precede yours by more than a decade, for I recall before Grant School days when I watched soldiers from Green and Scott marching along Lombard from the Presidio to embark for Manila, and tagging along with older children to see President McKinley in Lafayette Square.

Thanks to an elderly father (60 when Edith was born) I was brought up on still earlier pioneer days in San Francisco and almost feel I knew Emperor Norton for whom my father was royal printer of the Emperor's personal currency and cards.

Your last scroll is on its slow way to the Calif[ornia] Hist[orical] Soc[iety]. I carried it to Berkeley on a very brief trip last month and Dorothy Harding and Helena Thacher [?] will deliver it soon. The library has been closed for repairs so I thought it safer to have it delivered when staff was there.

I have happy memories of your children and wife at the Women's Faculty Club when they called on their aunt and when she tenderly cared for the ferns between the W.F.C. and Senior Men's Hall.

How you do remind me of the old days.

My apologies and greetings, affectionately,

[signed] Margaret

The recipient of this letter, Wilder Bentley (actually christened Harvey Wilder Bentley, the late father of your present author) was a figure on the printing scene in the Bay area during the 1930s and, as proprietor of the Archetype Press, produced several notable editions before World War II, the onset of which put him effectively out of business. Among these were Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale," Ansel Adams's *Sierra Nevada: The John Muir Trail*, one of the first editions of William Saroyan's stories under the title *A Native American*, and editions of two of Bret Harte's tales.

The work of this press was characterized by absolute attention to the traditions of printing as a craft, as far as this could be achieved in that era. Printing was done on one of three hand presses; the available fonts included English Caslon (not Monotype, which was badly positioned on the type body, although the letter-forms are authentic) and a

rare font of F. W. Goudy's Newstyle, the type used in the Grabhorn edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and the edition of the *Novum Psalterium* set and printed (but left incomplete and issued in 1955) by the master printer William Everson, also known as Brother Antoninus. In *On Printing* (Book Club of California Publication No. 199, 1992), Everson makes some interesting and incisive critical comments on this typeface, which boil down to the observation that most other type faces designed since the industrial age began have been characterized by undistinguished letter forms in the sizes used for the body of the text, for which the criterion of "legibility" reigns supreme, and, to the other extreme, somewhat mannered letter forms in the display sizes. The rarity of Newstyle can be traced to the fact that the designs, punches and/or matrices were destroyed in a fire, and Goudy never felt like re-doing the letter.

I should add that such letters as Lutetia and Newstyle look their best in letterpress and seem to require the process of being punched slightly into the paper for effect, an impossibility in planographic modes of graphic reproduction.

After Wilder Bentley the Elder's retirement from the faculty of San Francisco State (then) College, he revived the Archetype Press in order to complete and print his magnum opus, twenty-six scrolls of his poetry printed on a hand press, of course, as were all of his works, and distributed, for the most part, to institutional libraries and people who had touched his life over the years. I know of only one set that is for sale, or was when I saw it at a dealer's a couple of years ago.

The type was J. van Krimpen's Lutetia in a special cutting that had been prepared some fifty years earlier for Porter Garnett's Frick Catalogue (unfinished) project. The type for this had languished in storage somewhere in the Napa Valley for years after Porter Garnett's death, to the extent that the Catalogue had been set by the time the project was abandoned. For more on this, see The Book Club of California's book on Porter Garnett, written and compiled by Jack W. Stauffacher and printed in 1994 under the title *Porter Garnett: Philosophical Essays on the Ideal Book*.

But I have digressed long enough, and so we now ask, who was this Margaret Murdock, and what was her connection to Bay Area printing history?

Anyone who frequented the U. C. Berkeley campus between 1922 and 1983 would certainly have been aware of her presence, if not of her name, for this lady, rain or shine, three times a day every weekday and once on Sunday, showed up at the base of the Sather Tower, let herself in, rode to the top in the elevator, and played a recital on the carillon of bells. (The present-day bells are different from those installed when the tower was built; it was completed in 1918, the year Miss Murdock received her Bachelor of Arts degree.) Familiarly known as the Campanile, the Sather Tower had been designed by John Galen Howard with the campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, in mind. This famous tower had collapsed without warning in 1902 (miraculously without casualties) and thus was in the news in that era.

How often I stood in wonder, bathed in waves of sound, near the base of the tower, during my college years or when, by chance, business carried me into the vicinity when I was younger or older! I am sure that tens of thousands of people can say the same, unless the ranks have been decimated by the inexorable passage of time and the fact of human mortality.

Born in San Francisco in 1900, my father, after his college years at Yale and a period of *wanderjahre*, during which he married my mother, saw two children arrive, and attended the Laboratory Press in Pittsburgh, founded by Mr. Garnett, apparently decided to return to San Francisco, from which he had started life; so it happened that, around the year 1934, your author, then five years of age, found himself, with the rest of the family, ascending the same Sather Tower, guest of this same Margaret Murdock, and listening to a musical recital of bells, played on a sort of giant keyboard in a very athletic fashion, as required by the set-up of that era. Outside the glass house in which the performer worked, the noise was deafening, but the experience transcendent! I certainly have never forgot the occasion.

Another anecdote. I remember when I was a teenager and still living at my parents' house, which was near the U.C. campus in Berkeley, a friend of theirs was visiting from out of town. This lady had been born in Oklahoma, but was a great Anglophile; in fact, while a teacher at a private school in Los Angeles, she organized all of the primary school children to do the traditional maypole dances, which take considerable preparation, discipline, and practice. She arrived with us late one evening from the airport, and lo and behold, at ten minutes to

eight the next morning she was out of bed and on her feet exclaiming, "Changes! They're ringing changes!" This referred to Margaret Murdock playing the "changes" on the carillon. Later I found out that there exist whole societies in England devoted to ringing changes; each person of the group is assigned a bell, one of seven tuned to the diatonic scale, and they ring them in all the permutations and combinations of these seven notes – until exhaustion terminates the meeting, I suppose. [A note from A.W.: Surely the best introduction to change-ringing for the novice is Dorothy L. Sayers's famous Fenland mystery, *The Nine Tailors*, in which Lord Peter Wimsey both rings and detects.]

Miss Gassaway, for such was the guest's name, married a certain Robert Bruckman, a notable book-binder. They lived out their years in Inverness, California, and I hope they are still remembered by the community of bibliophiles in our area.

Today the carillon in the Campanile sounds a bit insipid, in my view, because of the conversion of the ringing system from levers that pulled wires attached to the clappers to a mechanical system. The sound used to be more robust by far. In another context (QN-L LXIII, No. 2, Spring 1998), I wrote that the bells of the *duomo* in Verona create an experience that is one of the marvels of the earth; the same is true of those of Assisi, when the whole set is rung on St. Francis's special day and other special occasions. These are pulled by ropes and ring out in random patterns, deep tones at a slower pace, high tones more often.

Miss Murdock played the chimes until 1983 and must have been in her forties when I first heard her, in the 1930s, since she states indirectly in her letter that she was born in 1894. She died at ninety-one on June 10, 1985.

One gets the sense, reading her letter, that many of Miss Murdock's circle had been contributors to the Bay Area intellectual and cultural life of the first half of the twentieth century. By now most of their names are lost in the mists of time. The letter indicates that she and my father were children in the same San Francisco neighborhood, near the Presidio Avenue gate to the Presidio itself. Miss Murdock was one of the daughters of Charles A. Murdock, a pioneer printer of San Francisco, who has been researched and written up, and who published his own memoirs, *A Backward Glance at Eighty*, in 1921. There is a good deal of information on him in the Club's library.

The “Emperor Norton” mentioned in the letter was a harmless crazy who was part of the life of San Francisco in the early days. During the 1950s, he was widely remembered, but his name seems to have dropped out of circulation lately. He had contrived for himself an elaborate title after the fashion of the full list of Queen Victoria’s titles. He passed around his own currency, but what it could buy I know not.

The occasion of this letter seems to have been my father’s having presented Miss Murdock (by mail, to the hamlet of Biggs, near Marysville, where she had retired) with a copy of one of the scrolls of his poetic cycle, in which he had memorialized her contribution. It might be added that, free of the compulsion to see his work homogenized by editors and thus receive national distribution, he could write with absolute freedom about any subject he chose and in any way he wanted. This is a course of action I can recommend to anyone, having taken it myself. More of the public has heard of William Blake than of Fuseli, though that was not the case during the lifetimes of these men. There is a moral in this.

Adieu, Mon Serjeant

When Robert Hawley switched his usual informal Saturday lit’ry tea to a Friday, June 30, 2000, obviously something was up. Indeed; it was his last day in business as proprietor of the Ross Valley Book Company. The fare was the same; good wine for even better company and perhaps some “finger food.” But this time the event was not unlike an Irish wake, although Hawley is not of Celtic descent; it marked the closing of the shop he had maintained in two locations for almost twenty-two years.

An era in East Bay book selling came to a close that day. For more than two decades, this antiquarian book man has earned an enviable reputation not only for his expertise, especially in Western Americana, but also for his hospitality to bookish folk of all kinds. He has carried on the grand trans-Bay tradition of book selling personified by the late David Magee and Franklin Gilliam.

Robert Hawley was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, “by accident” – there was no hospital in his own nearby hometown of Stockbridge. This town, today, boasts not of his juvenile presence but, alas, only of being one of the world’s capitals for sturgeon fishing. Nevertheless, he did mature there and graduated from high school in 1947.

Young Hawley entered the Army and served for thirty-one months and twenty-six days. The exactitude of his memory suggests a possible eagerness to return to mufti.

During the Korean War, Robert was lucky enough to be stationed in Germany. He might have made a career of the Army, for he rose to the rank of First Sergeant, but he wisely chose to trade his stripes, hash marks, and sundry field pieces for books, history, poetry, and fine printing. To our great benefit.

Thanks to the G.I. Bill, Robert was able to attend the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota in 1952-54 as an English major. The would-be teacher then attended the University of California for a spell in 1954 before moving on to Black Mountain College, near Asheville, North Carolina, to study poetry with Charles Olson and Robert Duncan.

In 1957, Bob Hawley hitch-hiked back to California and married (Dorothy Hawley is his wife). He then began his apprenticeship in the trade as a book scout for the likes of Phil Roske and Bill Farrell in Berkeley, then John Swingle and such bibliopolic giants as David Magee and Warren Howell. He also scouted for the Holmes Book Company, where Elmer Muskopf was the buyer. In Oakland, Hawley became a friend of Leonard Verbaarg, who will be familiar to old-timers in the Book Club for his "Knave" columns of California local history in the *Oakland Tribune*.


In 1959, Hawley joined the staff at Holmes, and in 1963 became Harold Holmes's assistant in the Californiana and Rare Book Room there. When Holmes died, in 1965, and his son-in-law, Robert Keyston, took over that wonderful and much-missed shop, a sort of "premature Powell's," he made Bob head of its California Room, handling all cataloging, appraisals, and sales.

Bob left the Holmes Book Company in 1978 to found his own Ross Valley Book Company (at least, on paper) on April Fools' Day of that year. The name came from his thwarted intention to locate the shop in the realtors' "castle" at Greenbrae, Marin County, more or less in Ross Valley. When the Marin plans fell through, he took over the site of John Swingle's old Alta California Bookstore at 1407 Solano Avenue, Albany. He really began operations, with partners James and Carolyn Pride, in September of 1978. By April 1980, he was "soloing" as an Albanian bookseller.

Robert had formed his Oyez Press in 1964 to publish poetry, mostly original works by local poets like Gary Snyder and Larry Eigner. He also turned out prose. Publications included keepsakes, pamphlets, broadsides, and books, all in fine press editions. Of the books, one was by Charles Olson and another about him. There were four Bill Everson (Brother Antoninus) volumes, including his *Archetype West*, also one on Robinson Jeffers, *Fragments on an Older Fury*. (For more details on Oyez, see this writer's article in the Fall 1996 *Quarterly News-Letter*.)

Earlier, as a bookseller at Holmes, Hawley had aided that establishment with its publications, and not just sales catalogues, from 1966 to 1978. He helped two unpublished Jack London plays, *Gold* and *Daughters of the Rich*, make their way, belatedly, into print as well as a reprint of the classic Alley-Bowen *History of Alameda County*. Best known to collectors of Californiana are Phil May's *Origins of Hydraulic Mining* and *The Big Oak Flat Road* by Irene Paden and Margaret Schlichtman.

Bob Hawley is proud to have handled the Everson estate; the Harry Plath collection of Western Americana; the Miller-Lux collection of books, correspondence, and artifacts (including historic branding irons), now in the Huntington Library; as well as the Fort Vancouver and fur trade history collection of the Club's own John Hussey.



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The well-rounded bibliophile with the distinctive, distinguished (if now grizzled) goatee, which dates back to 1955, moved his Ross Valley Book Company from its original Albany location to 3350 Adeline Street in farthest Berkeley, near the Oakland line, in 1994. There ex-Sergeant Hawley poured a final celebratory dollop of Chardonnay on the last day of June in the Year of Our Lord 2000.

— Richard H. Dillon

Review

The Adventures of a Young Swiss in California: The Gold Rush Account of Théophile de Rutté. Translated and edited by Mary Grace Paquette. Sacramento Book Collectors Club, Sacramento, California, 1992. 109 pages; \$40 plus applicable sales tax and \$2 shipping and handling. P. O. Box 160044, Sacramento CA 95816.

Here lies “pay dirt” for the historically discerning. *The Adventures of a Young Swiss in California* is a first-person account of the California Gold Rush representing a national group little heard from in primary sources. When news of the gold strike flashed around the world, Théophile de Rutté, later to become the first Swiss consul to California and Oregon, was working as a clerk in Rio de Janeiro for the firm of Andrié, Kuenzi and Company. He and his friend Louis Constant Tissot decided to go to California, de Rutté’s employers funding the trip and supplying goods to be sold to miners.

Theirs was not a rags-to-riches tale – so it was probably all the more typical. The sugar, coffee, and preserves “found a good market,” but the forged Belgian nails found no demand, the shovels were an unpopular shape, and the finery for females went unappreciated in a setting with few women.

De Rutté kept a journal and in old age expanded this record into a memoir of his experiences. Writing of years past, de Rutté occasionally erred with names and figures, but, well educated and articulate, he made a fascinating storyteller.

The work begins with the bustle of arriving in San Francisco with “only a hundred words or so of English, learned during the crossing,” and, “in exchange for a pile of gold ounces that nearly emptied our bag,” receiving authorization from American customs to anchor in the bay.

De Rutté describes the wild, wide-open society of San Francisco, Sacramento, and the mining camps. He gives vivid details of the San Francisco fires of 1849 and 1851, and of being caught in the Sacramento flood of 1850, feverish, trapped indoors with the water rising, overrun by rats.

He was in Sacramento during the "squatters' wars" and tells of his personal troubles and the violent extralegal resolution of events. In San Francisco in 1851, he took part in the Committee of Vigilance and gives an insider's view of the clandestine meetings, secret codes, and questionable hijinks of this group, seemingly oblivious to their anti-Irish and anti-Democratic biases.

These raw times produced hard men. De Rutté describes in full detail how horses were broken, a hanging, the suicide of a friend and partner after a bad business venture, the social effects of racial prejudice, and a legendary bear and bull fight.

Still, de Rutté's story is filled with humor; he was willing to show himself the rube to great comic effect. *The Adventures of a Young Swiss* remains a romantic picture of success and failure, glory and disillusionment, humor and pathos, and its immediacy holds the reader until the end.

The original of the text was written in French and first published in Paris in 1979. It was translated by the late California-scholar Dr. Mary Grace Paquette, who relates only the California years here. A small historical wood engraving from her collection embellishes the first page of each chapter.

Graphics and text are well matched for quality in this publication of the Sacramento Book Collectors Club. Susan Acker and Mary McDermott of the Feathered Serpent Press contributed a design of quiet beauty for this reasonably priced limited edition.

— Dennis Blegen and Phyllis Ehlert

Gifts and Acquisitions

Thanks to the generosity of Robert S. Damsky of Charlotte, North Carolina, the Club has been able to acquire two very special items in memory of our late member Al Fischler. The first is Kathleen M. Lynch's *Jacob Tonson: Kit-Kat Publisher*, a biography of the eighteenth-

century printer who was the publisher for Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Dryden, among others. Tonson was the founder of one of the important literary clubs of London, the Kit-Kat Club. This University of Tennessee publication of 1971 fills a gap in the Club's collection for publishing during this period in England.

The second volume acquired in Mr. Fischler's memory is Philip Gaskell's *A Bibliography of the Foulis Press* (1964). Mr. Gaskell is one of the masters of modern bibliography, and this work rounds out the Club's collection for the field of Scottish printing. The Foulises were academic printers in Glasgow and the leading printers in Scotland during the eighteenth century.

I feel sure that Al Fischler would be pleased by these acquisitions; thank you, Mr. Damsky, for your tribute to him.



Barney Rosenthal has recently donated to the Club a very rare book indeed: *Picasso: Painter and Engraver* by Erwin Rosenthal, Barney's father. This was printed by Adrian Wilson in 1952 for Mr. Rosenthal in honor of the seventieth birthday of Igor Stravinsky. Mr. Rosenthal inscribed this copy to his friends Ellen and Wilder Bentley. It is one of seventy-five copies and contains H. Wilder Bentley's bookplate: *il faut cultiver notre jardin*.

The gift came with a letter of explanation from Barney. The Bentley family had been among the Rosenthals' close friends; as a teenager, Wilder Bentley the Younger had taken Latin and Italian lessons from Mrs. Rosenthal. In 1981, after both Barney's parents had died, H. Wilder Bentley decided to return the book, and his letter of transmittal is included in Barney's gift. This, in the senior Bentley's characteristic calligraphy, includes some very plain speaking indeed about the book as a book – "Since Adrian Wilson is capable of much better typography and presswork these days than in 1952, I shall speak out."

For this rare item (I have seen only two other copies) with all its associations, thank you very, very much, Barney



The Club has just obtained a copy of Gerald Lange's *Printing Digital Type on the Hand-Operated Flatbed Cylinder Press* (Bieler Press Mono-

graphs, 1999). This text on the “new” type used in an old technology is the first of its kind. It is the technical manual for the twenty-first century for those who wish to engage in the printing and not leave everything to the computer. This instructional manual will help those in need of advice. It is the latest in a whole range of manuals dating back to Moxon’s *Mechanick Exercises* which we own to chart changes in technology, part of the library’s goal. — Barbara Jane Land



Through the generosity of Barbara Land, the Club has just acquired the new biography of Dard Hunter by Cathleen A. Baker, *By His Own Labor* (Oak Knoll Press, Newcastle, Delaware, 2000). The work is based upon Hunter’s son’s very limited edition printed by the Red Hydra Press in Northpoint, Alabama. This new biography is an excellent addition to our Dard Hunter collection, which is extensive. It covers all aspects of Hunter’s life; the author was fortunate enough to live in Hunter’s Mountain House for some years and had access to his archive. The illustrations clustered at the end are not as elegant as the facsimiles included in his son’s biography but are nonetheless excellent examples and include photographs and Roycroft designs for artifacts as well as pictures of books. This study is a great addition to the collection.

Another recent gift from Barbara is Al Lowman’s *Printer at the Pass: The Work of Carl Hertzog*, published by the University of Texas in 1972; it compliments a volume from 1985 by Lowman on this Texan printer. Barbara has a wonderful eye for items that will round out Club holdings, for which we are grateful.



W. Thomas Taylor of Barksdale, Texas, has presented the Club with a tremendous horde: every imprint of his not already in our library. This amounts to over thirty-five titles whose subjects range from history, literature, and the book arts to fly-fishing (a Taylor enthusiasm that, these days, may take precedence over books). There are, among others, Joseph Blumenthal’s *Bruce Rogers: A Life in Letters*, Ron Tyler’s *Audubon’s Great National Work*, the Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrewes, and several important catalogues from Dorothy Sloan,

Austin bookseller. Many of the books from Mr. Taylor's bounty deserve fuller mention; interested, reader-reviewers?



We are grateful to Alastair Johnston of Berkeley for a copy of his *Alphabets to Order: The Literature of Nineteenth-Century Typefounders' Specimens*. This handsome volume from the Oak Knoll Press and the British Library (Newcastle, Delaware, and London, 2000) studies these seemingly meaningless commercial displays as if they were "concrete poetry, cut-up writing, and even performance art," bringing to the comparison the erudition and wit we have learned to value from the editor of *The Ampersand*. Some examples of his material:

MINERS
Toil Hard
DEEP MINES
Treasures Concealed

(Edward Pelouze, Sr.; p. 87)

LARPH AND GRO PHAT.
(Marder, Luse & Co., p. 119)

Thank you, Alastair, for this well-presented trove of oddities.



We have received the most recent production of the Havilah Press of Emeryville from Club members Mr. and Mrs. Fred Voltman, proprietors. It is Wolfgang Lederer's *African Figures*, drawings done over time in various museums to show the Oscar Lewis awardee's appreciation for the forms and styles of African art. Ours is copy 62 of 150 printed in August, 2000. Thanks to all concerned for a delightful item.



From The Sun Hill Press of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, we have acquired three "gathered by" Wendell Garrett: *A Quire of Quotes* (1997), *Another Quire of Quotes* (1998) and *The Ultimate Quire of Quotes* (2000). Printed letterpress by California native Darrell Hyder, these are delightful compendia, "model[s] of the printer's art" with

“four-alarm” cover labels. Perhaps these “words from many mouths” will elevate the Club’s Monday night causeries.



W.B. Carnochan, Richard W. Lyman Professor of the Humanities, emeritus, Stanford University, has given the Club a copy of *Momentary Bliss: An American Memoir*. This is an academic memoir with excursions, and a very good read. With Park Avenue beginnings, a sojourn at Harvard, the passions of Dodgers fandom, and a distinguished career at Stanford, wittily related and given illuminating context, a reader might feel content. There are also collecting folk art, with penetrating comment, an African quest in which snakes and sorcery figure largely, the mystery of *The Minister’s Black Veil* – and much more. This gently candid autobiography will be shelved with other works by Club author-members, and we are grateful.

Serendipity

MUSINGS by the Committee Chairman

Well, for the sticklers and non-computer literate who operate on reason, logic, and sequential numbers and not just “ooo,” these musings reach you in the new millennium of 2001. Still, Mike Harrison can say for all of the Twentieth Century: “Been there. Seen that.”

We hope, therefore, all had a millennial wild time all over again – if not, there is still a chance for a real Wilde Time. Oscar of that name died a century ago on November 30, 1900, and Henry Holt, publishers, have just released *The Complete Letters of Oscar Wilde* (\$45), containing fifteen hundred sparkling masterpieces of Wilde’s wit and erudition. Appropriately, the editor has a bewitching – er – bewizarding name, Merlin Holland. (Sharing the same birthday with Harry Potter, a student at the famed Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry in Great Britain, we have to be correct on such terminology.) Holland, who is Wilde’s grandson, spent twenty years in research, gathered three hundred unpublished letters, and sees himself as a conduit: “If I am going to have to be Oscar Wilde’s grandson, then rather than sitting like an animal in the zoo with a label on me, I might as well have some sort of function.” For that we like the man! Harking to his wizarding roots, Merlin Holland opines, “There is a modern appeal about

[Wilde] which continues to make him fascinating. You can never quite make him out. Once you think you've got him, he eludes you."



Good news for the fans of fine printing and the Arion Press. In February, Andrew Hoyem, winner of the BCC's Oscar Lewis Award in 2000, moved from 460 Bryant Street to the Presidio. Of course, Lewis Mitchell still presides over the Mackenzie & Harris Type Foundry with its Thompson Typesetting Machines. After a six-weeks hiatus for the move, about the time this issue of the *QN-L* appears, the press will again be producing literary classics with original contemporary illustrations, and shelves will display row upon row of "M & H" type to tempt printers world wide. Hoyem's non-profit Grabhorn Institute (415-777-9651; www.arionpress.com) needs to raise \$800,000 to transport thirty tons of presses, typesetters, and type.

When we toured the Bryant Street facility in mid-October, the last pages of the famed two-volume folio Bible had come off the presses on August 31, leaving behind the set-up type for the title page. The first bound copy, finished on Columbus Day, had already left for the Frankfurt Fair. Another thirty-five-pound volume was being laboriously sewn, and, with two to a set, that left only 797 to do. If interested, a copy is only \$100 to \$160 per pound (\$7,300 unbound, \$7,800 bound in cloth, \$8,500 leather bound, and \$11,000 with illuminated initials).

Appropriately, on December 12, 2000, as Andrew Hoyem spoke at the Roxburghe Club's December meeting in the rooms of the Book Club, the San Francisco *Chronicle* came through. To show the significance of the Arion Press in the Bay City, the *Chronicle* printed Ken Garcia's long column twice, first split between page A 23, heading the second section of the paper, and A 25, and then complete, including all photographs on page A 24. One more for the scrapbook, joining *Biblio* of September 1997, and the *Chronicle* for December 27, 1998, and October 21, 1999. Who says San Francisco is not a printers' town?

Also looking for a home, according to the *SF Weekly*, November 29, 2000, is Steven Kushner's Cloud House Poetry Archives. Infused with the spirit of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Kushner has recored poetry readings since the 1950s, and his collection throbs with the

vitality of the Beat poets. At first in a Haight storefront, a 1994 eviction crammed the collection into Kushner's home; now he is looking for Portrero Hill space in San Francisco's constricted rental market.

Moving to another San Francisco neighborhood where a marine telegraph once stood, we are delighted to learn that David Myrick, the famed City Lights Bookstore, and the Telegraph Hill Dwellers are republishing Myrick's classic 1972 work, *San Francisco's Telegraph Hill*, with an additional chapter covering the past thirty years. Look for it to be out in March and priced at \$35.

For a place that has found space, we salute the Society of California Pioneers under director Mercedes Devine – yes, this grand society sees past January 1, 1850, and admits women. Besides that, she has put on a divine exhibit on the 1915 Panama Pacific International Exposition. In their spacious new digs at 300 Fourth Street, acquired by their former acting director and BCC member, the talented and beloved Herb Garcia, the Pioneers are open Tuesday through Friday. Librarian Pat Keats encourages researchers. Give 'em a call at 415-957-1849.

On October 1, the Gleeson Library appropriately made BCC member W. Michael Mathes, a professor emeritus of the University of San Francisco, its Sir Thomas More Medalist 2000. This award made in a year ending in an even thousand helps measure his colonial Mexican library: it is 22.5 times too small. In 1995, Dr. Mathes donated this collection of 45,000 volumes to El Colegio de Jalisco, Zapopan. Architect José Manuel Gómez Vázquez Aldama designed a special building to house Biblioteca Mathes. (Readers know Mathes as the author of the BCC's 1984 *Mexico on Stone: Lithography in Mexico, 1826-1900*.) Five days later, the Gleeson Library celebrated the restoration of its 1854 Albion handpress, thanks to BCC director Earl Emelson and members Fred and Barbara Voltmer of the Havilah Press.

Ha! And readers think we get flowery! On December 20, 2000, we were reading David Kipen's review in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of a history book – something he rarely reviews. He raved that this "large-format" work was "so swoon-inducing beautiful, so impeccably erudite that even the most dedicated coffee-table-book snob may weaken." Of course, Kipen was describing KD and Gary Kurutz's *California Calls You: The Art of Promoting the Golden State, 1870 to 1940*, which we already reviewed in these columns. As Gary heads the Publications

Committee, this partially explains the great demand for the Book Club's beautiful productions.

Kipen reached such heights of hyperbole that we became jealous. Why, he declared, "To paraphrase Chandler – not the one who stole the Owens River [Harry of the Los Angeles *Times*, nor the one who writes for the *QN-L*, but Raymond] – down these flea-market aisles a man must go who is not himself a booster. That man is plainly Gary Kurutz, curator of special collections for the California State Library in Sacramento, and a woman after his own heart must surely be his wife and co-author, KD." As we urged some months past, join Gary and KD in their ten-year love affair with California booster literature, made all the more glorious by the abundance of talented authors and illustrators in the Golden State for those seventy years. Then, let California call you!

Our Book Club *Bicentennial of Lithography* debuted to a rave review in the Fall 2000 *Ephemera News*. It was so glowing that we almost thought keepsake contributor George Fox wrote it, but regardless, this 96-page Peter Koch production is one to be treasured forever. The Club has offered other keepsakes of lithography in action. We refer to the 1978 one, Al Shumate's "Early California Stock Certificates" (\$7.50); that from 1985, again Al Shumate, but joined here by our legendary Oscar Lewis, for "Lithographic Views of California Towns, 1875-1889" (again \$7.50); and Michael Lederer's 1991 offering of "Early California Trade Catalogues" (\$12), produced by Bruce Washbush at the Anchor & Acorn Press.

While on BCC productions, a Book Club grant helped Frederick Sommer produce a cut-paper photographic accordion. Printed by the Stinehour Press in an edition of 950, this 6 by 6 inch slipcased book contains ten of Sommer's cut-paper photographs, and fifteen of fine printer and photographer Jonathan Clark's photographs of the artist at work. Yours for \$75 from Artichoke Editions, 550 Mountain View Avenue, Mountain View, CA 94041.

Now, without transition, we note Emmett Harrington's October Catalogue 17 devoted to fine press books, bibliography, and books about books, which is chock full of Book Club publications. If this catalogue is not of interest, get on Harrington's mailing list anyway, since he writes well, or go bother him at 251 Post Street, Suite 312, San

Francisco, CA 94108 (415-646-0060). Ask for his good Navy Coffee; it cleans anything.

Since we are an equal opportunity puffer, we note that the business section of the San Francisco *Chronicle* on October 21, 2000, profiled the twenty-five-year-old Bookstall at 570 Sutter Street. Proprietors are Louise Moises, who has put on many BCC public programs and is a specialist in children's books, and her partner-partner husband Hank Moises. Here we are merely trying to establish a word pattern that will approach a fractal, which the science-minded Hank will be delighted to explain to you.

"Antiquarian bookstores find a niche in an increasingly online world," declared the subtitle. Louise is right: "On the Internet, you couldn't feel this leather cover [of a 1743 copy of *Aesop's Fables*]. You couldn't smell it. [Definitely a plus in our twenty-one-year-old daughter's opinion, as she declares, 'It's old, therefore it stinks,' and stays clear of our library.] You couldn't feel the type on the page. This is a strongly tactile business. It appeals to all the senses, not just the intellect."

While in the vicinity, be certain to go up the street to Bob Haines's Argonaut at 786 Sutter Street. Through browsing and rummaging, we always come away with more – a pleasure of which we hope soaring rents will not deprive us. As far as online competition goes, our companion newspaper, the *Contra Costa Times*, headlined the same day, "Bookstores curtailing discounts: Consumers everywhere are paying more for books as big chains and online stores raise prices to combat costs."

We were casually perusing *The Washington Book Chronicle* for July 1891 – a publication to which we do not subscribe, but was among treasures offered for sale by Club president John Crichton at his extraordinary Brick Row Book Shop at 49 Geary Street (and while there on the second floor, drop in and see other BCC booksellers, John Windle, Jeffrey Thomas, and Tom Goldwasser). Anyway, within said capital city book chronicle, J.H. Slater opined in a selection from *Round and About the Book-Stalls*: "The publication of new books is nearly always dominated by one fixed principle, and that is a pecuniary one; the purchase of old books, or books at second hand, may be actuated by a variety of motives, among which, perhaps, the question of money never enters at all." We trust our readers remembered this axiom at the 34th

California International Antiquarian Book Fair in San Francisco this past February for its final show at 8th and Brannan, or at the corresponding fair in Los Angeles.

If some, perchance, were wondering aimlessly what to collect, help is at hand. As Groucho Marx said, "Outside of a dog, a book is a man's best friend; inside of a dog, it's too dark to read." *Chronicle* Book Review editor David Kipen tantalized the Roxburghe Club with the announcement that he had asked those on that paper's list of one hundred best Western authors to nominate the best fifty authors over fifty years old. This list appeared in the Holiday Book Review, November 19, 2000, the final book section of "the San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle," before the evening *Examiner* became a thin morning typographical errorpiece. As Ishmael Reed, who appears on the list, stated: "Because these novels challenged conventional thinking, they weren't blockbusters at the time they were published, but they remain classics." Collect Now!

For the past year in the Club rooms, we have been perusing stray copies of *BOOK: The Magazine for the Reading Life*, a \$20-a-year bimonthly published by Mark J. Gleason at West Egg Communications LLC, 94 Summit Avenue, Summit, New Jersey 07901. Editor Jerome V. Kramer puts together a good mixture of national and international literature, plus book reviews. A sampling of features includes Günter Grass, P.D. James, J.K. Rowling, Route 66, Larry McMurtry's citywide bookstore, Archer City, Texas, Sherman Alexie, and Russell Banks, number one on the *Chronicle's* "50 over 50."

When we were writing a dissertation on the press of Civil War California, we found that original newspapers were the step-children of libraries. We now are delighted that literary critic Nicholson Baker, whom readers will remember as especially critical of San Francisco's New Main public library – which we see by a December 29 paper is in line for \$15 million in renovations – has a new crusade. He is saving original bound newspapers. Microfilm is fine, but it deteriorates, gets scratched, omits issues, and for turn-of-the-century papers, has no color. After libraries tossed their bulky holdings, there is no redress. We are still looking for a significant 1862 issue of the Los Angeles *Star* that was only half-filmed.

Anyway, as Baker writes in the *New Yorker* of July 24, 2000, and

with the story continued in the *Chronicle* of November 2, the British Museum decided to sell its not-British papers. Baker, in a battle against bureaucrats, managed to save some ninety titles for his American Newspaper Repository. Special funds helped get other runs, such as the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Times*, and even the *San Francisco Chronicle*, from Pennsylvania newspaper dealer Timothy Hughes. Baker, Gray Brechin, Kevin Starr, and Gary Kurutz helped land the run of the San Francisco paper from 1865 to 1935 for the California State Library. The Wells Fargo Foundation put up \$60,000 for the bound volumes – a bargain, as microfilming costs \$5,000 per year.

We also note that the Foundation helped sponsor The Bancroft Library's History of Early California tapes, which retail for \$20. The narrators are the incomparable BCC member J. S. Holliday, author of two classic Gold Rush books, *The World Rushed In*, 1981, and still in print, and *Rush for Riches*, 1999, going into its third printing; James Rawls, the amusing "Dr. History" of local radio fame and author of *Indians of California: The Changing Image* (1984), besides many other scholarly works; and Robert Hirst, who still takes soundings with an old-fashioned lead line – at least, he is always yelling, "Marrrk Twaaain!" Naturally, the curator and editor of papers bearing that title tells how Sam Clemens changed his name. These history tapes for commuters, Holliday remarks, are "a new and inventive way to blend education and entertainment." If interested, contact Audio Tapes, The Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, CA 94720-6000.

On a related topic, we note that copies of the Club's 1975 keepsake, Franklin Gilliam's ode to "California Magazines," is still available at only \$7.50 – cheap for something printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy.

As we close our Millennial Greetings, we recall this is really the year 2754 since the founding of Rome.

— Robert J. Chandler



Dorothy Abbe became a member of The Book Club of California in 1951, when she was forty-one, and remained a member until her death in June of 1999. During that time, Dorothy traveled West on several occasions and hosted two major exhibitions of the work of William

Dwiggins. In 1974 she presented to the Club copy number two of the handmade, five-volume version of *The Dwiggins Marionettes*, her major publication.

The story of Dorothy Abbe's contributions to printing, book design, typography, photography, writing, teaching, philanthropy, and encouraging young printers with their craft has never been told. In August 1999, two months after her death, Dorothy's archives became available. Anne Bromer examined them at the Boston Public Library, and adding material from interviews with friends and family, has written *Strings Attached – Dorothy Abbe, Her Work and WAD*.

The book covers Dorothy's early years as a book designer at several university presses, her life in the household of William Addison and Mabel Dwiggins, her work and play with WAD in their joint publishing venture called "Püterschein-Hingham," her self-taught journey into landscape and portrait photography, and the publication of her two important texts, *The Dwiggins Marionettes* and *Stenciled Ornament*. In addition to the facts of Dorothy's professional life, her relationship with Dwiggins and her fierce protection of his work is explored.

Strings Attached will be published jointly by the Boston Public Library and the Society of Printers in an edition of five hundred copies, with four hundred fifty for sale. The book will be designed by

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John Kristensen of Firefly Press and printed letterpress by Dan Keleher at Wild Carrot Press. There will be thirty-two pages of photographs, including many in full color. Printed under the direction of Duncan Todd at Champagne Lafayette. In seven-by-ten format, the book will be bound in paper over boards with foil stamping at Acme Bookbinders.

Expected publication date will be June 2001. *Strings Attached* will be priced at \$75.00. Orders may be directed to Bromer Booksellers, 607 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116.



Bay Area members interested in calligraphy classes are urged to contact Georgianna Greenwood of Friends of Calligraphy, which sponsors classes at Fort Mason. Tel: 510-841-6924; email: grunwoo@pacbell.net.

Exhibit Notes

The Club was the site of two notable exhibitions in past months. "Containers for Intra grammes" came from the Musée Royal de Mariemont, Belgium, and was subtitled "Collection internationale de reliures expérimentales." Sixteen fascinating bindings contained "intra grammes" created by Henri Lambert of hand-made paper (from Latin *intra*, within, and Greek *gramma*, sign). The binders, "originares des quatres coins de la planète," also put together a "livre voyageur," each contributing one element to the whole. It was the hope of Joanne Sonnichsen, one of the binders and the organizer of the exhibit here, that these bindings would open eyes and minds to new ideas of books. With the help of Joanne's slide presentation at an October 16, 2000, public program, the exhibit fulfilled this expectation.

The exhibit commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* came from an entirely different world but was just as absorbing. Early editions and original artwork from L. Frank Baum's Oz series came from the collection of Club past-president Peter Hanff and from the M. Wallace Friedman Collection at the University of San Francisco, courtesy of Special Collections Librarian John Hawk. This display evoked a fantasy of the past, and many visitors shared reminiscences of childhood reading and treasured collections.

As of this writing, still another exciting exhibit is being installed: "2001: Fine Hand Bindings for Book Club of California Publications." The catalogue for this show is in preparation and will be the members' Keepsake for 2001.

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New Student Members

Adrian Bernard	Carmichael	Vincent J. Lozito
Nicholas Lozito	Sacramento	Vincent J. Lozito

The following members have transferred from Regular to Patron status:

J.O. Bugental	San Francisco
Peter E. Hanff	Berkeley

The following member has transferred from Sustaining to Patron status:

Norman Coliver	San Francisco
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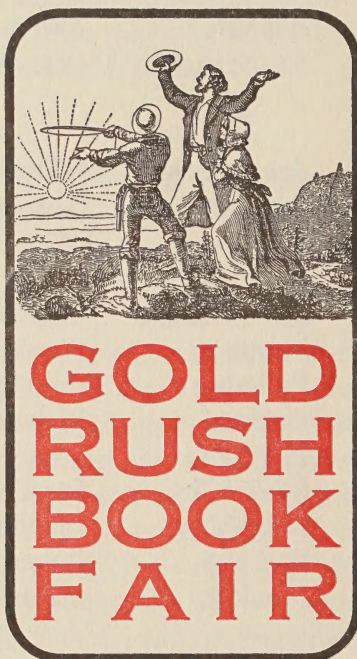
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